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59th Congress } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES { Document
2d Session } { No. 805

JOHN MCPHERSON PINCKNEY

(Late a Representative from Texas)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES



Fifty-ninth Congress
First Session

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
April 29, 1906

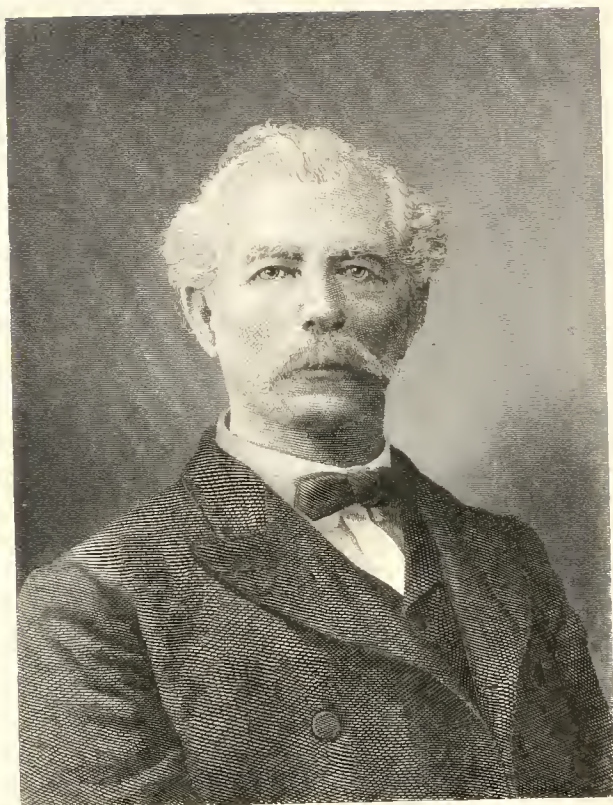


Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON : : GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : : 1907

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HON. J. M. PINKNEY

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DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. PINCKNEY

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

TUESDAY, *December 5, 1905.*

Mr. STEPHENS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, it is my painful duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, of Texas, late a Member of this body. At a future day I shall ask that a suitable time be set apart for the passing of such eulogies upon him as Members desire.

I now move the adoption of the following resolution, which I send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate, and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The question was taken; and the resolution was agreed to.

Mr. STEPHENS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. PINCKNEY, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

fit himself for the new conditions, that he might be of use as a public servant, and reaching a position of which any man may justly be proud. He died beloved and honored by a host of friends. We mourn his loss and mingle our tears with his dear ones'. Comfort them, we beseech Thee, O heavenly Father, with the blessed hope of the Christian religion, and may his life be an incentive to all who knew him to strive after the best. And honor and praise be Thine, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Mr. STEPHENS, of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Member of this House from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That as a special mark of respect and honor to the memory of the deceased, and in due recognition of his distinguished career as a citizen of his State and as a Member of this House, that the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. STEPHENS, of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members of the House have leave for thirty days to print memorial addresses upon the life, character, and distinguished services of the late Representative PINCKNEY.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Texas asks unanimous consent that Members desiring to do so have leave for thirty days to print remarks on the life, character, and distinguished services of the late Representative PINCKNEY. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. MOORE, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: It is with profound sorrow that I offer this poor tribute to the memory of a departed friend, my immediate predecessor in this honorable body, JOHN M. PINCKNEY, whose tragic death occurred at his home town, Hempstead, Tex., on the night of April 24, 1905. The Congressional Directory of the Fifty-eighth Congress contains the following brief sketch of our deceased friend's life:

JOHN MCPHERSON PINCKNEY, Democrat, of Hempstead, was born in Grimes County, Tex., May 4, 1845, and was reared near the place of his birth; the only education he received was in the public schools near the place of his birth and what he has secured by his own study; was a Confederate soldier, serving four years in the Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's brigade; entered upon the practice of law in 1875; served ten years as district attorney of the twenty-third judicial district of Texas and three years as county judge of Waller County; was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress November 17, 1903, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. Thomas H. Bail.

That his services were satisfactory and his efforts were appreciated by the people of his district is evidenced by the fact that he was reelected to the Fifty-ninth Congress.

Living in an adjoining county to his home, and in one of the counties composing the twenty-third judicial district of Texas at the time he was attorney for such district, it was my privilege to know Judge PINCKNEY intimately for fifteen years. A strong advocate of law and order, he was a terror to the law-breaker, always doing his whole duty, prosecuting the influen-

tial citizen with the same earnestness and vigor with which he prosecuted the friendless criminal. He was a stranger to fear, and I have often heard many of his old comrades praise his services as a soldier. One incident that I remember having heard related by one of his comrades, now a prominent citizen of my home county, which fairly illustrated the determined character of the man, was that during a certain battle he received a severe wound in the head, was carried to the rear, his wound dressed, and in less than an hour he was again in the front ranks in the thickest of the battle.

The short time that he was a Member of this body probably did not give his colleagues the opportunity to know him as it was my privilege and pleasure. He was faithful to every trust, modest and unassuming, but courageous and determined. He was a true and loyal friend, devoted to his brothers and to his maiden sister, who shared his home. That sister and one brother survive him. Their loss is irreparable; and in his death his country has sustained the loss of a faithful and honest servant, and Texas, his native State, a noble, loyal, and devoted son.

ADDRESS OF MR. FIELD, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: About one year ago, in this beautiful month, when the earth was covered with its mantle of green and the genial sunshine had coaxed from their hiding the myriads of flowers on the prairies of Texas, JOHN M. PINCKNEY, a Member of this House, at a public assembly of his own people, in his own loved town, fell under the deadly fire of passionate and misguided men. He was pierced by many bullets from behind, "and died so instantly that he passed without pain from the service of his country to the service of his God," and "from the rounds of fame's ladder he stepped to the sky."

Those about him tell me that in the last moments of his life he was advocating a cause which he believed to be right and was contending for the supremacy and enforcement of the law for which he always stood; and though unarmed and under deadly fire, he exhibited that superb courage which had distinguished him on so many fields of battle. His tragic death was a shock to the people of Texas, and especially did the women mourn, for he boldly championed the cause of temperance, so dear to them.

The time of his service in this House was short, and, being unfamiliar with the rules of procedure that govern here, he took no part in debate upon the floor, but each day found him in his place voting intelligently and honestly on all questions thus determined. His manner was so quiet and reserved, his modesty was such that, in this brilliant, ambitious, pushing throng of men, he was scarcely observed, and outside of his own State delegation was known by only a few Members of this House;

and yet had the record of his life been known to you, and could you have looked through the window of his soul and seen the man behind the garb, all who love the brave, the true, and the unselfish ones in life would have drawn close to him and hailed him as a brother. He moved in that quiet, unobtrusive rank where each day's duty is well performed, and where in the great emergencies of life heroes and leaders are found. I knew him well; he was my friend and comrade. And "it is not fit that such a man should pass unheralded to the tomb; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close;" but if my old friend was living now, or if, from beyond the stars, he still has knowledge of the affairs of men, he would not have me add one thing to the record he has made, use one flattering word, or magnify his virtues by too partial praise.

JOHN PINCKNEY belonged to the distinguished family of that name of South Carolina, from which State his father moved with his family to Texas before the civil war. His mother died when he was about 16 years of age, his father was a cripple and an invalid, and JOHN was the main support of his father, two sisters, and a little brother. Extreme poverty deprived him of early educational advantages, and it seemed would forever shut the door of opportunity in his face.

Unaided he bore his loving burden cheerfully and well, and by his own efforts, supported by his sister's, raised and educated orphan children. He secured a fair education, studied law, and took good rank at the bar. He was elected district attorney for ten consecutive years in his district without opposition, and was recognized as one of the ablest, most fearless, and successful prosecuting attorneys in Texas, and perhaps no one in that State had ever prosecuted to conviction in so many cases of homicide. He was elected without opposition as county judge of his county, then elected to Congress, though

opposed for the nomination by some of the ablest lawyers in south Texas. His success in public life was largely due to his splendid character, devotion to duty, and honesty and integrity, and close sympathy with the masses of the people.

Mr. PINCKNEY was never neutral; every question of public interest was to him either right or wrong. If right, he conceived it to be his duty to uphold it; if wrong, to publicly condemn, and whatever position he assumed he made no concessions, was influenced by no policy, and deterred by no danger. He preserved to the end of his life a character which never knew a stain and a courage which never surrendered a principle.

He was never married; he supported his sister and orphan children; he lived for others and never thought of self. He had but little of this world's goods. He earned no money by sharp practice or by overreaching his fellow-men, and whatever he earned by honest toil he had no coffers wherein to place it. For those dependent upon him he provided well according to his means, and all the rest, with generous heart and open hands, he gave in charity to the needy and the poor.

At the outbreak of the civil war PINCKNEY, then a boy 16 years of age, enlisted as a private soldier in the Fourth Texas Regiment of Hood's immortal brigade, and in that four years of unequal contest, where might at last prevailed, this boy in gray became a hero—not such an one as a partial press makes for acts of little valor, but in that great struggle where gray and blue alike did noble deeds. He received his baptism of fire at Elthams Landing, and at Gaines Mill he and the boys of his command, by their valor, placed the general's wreath around the colonel's stars of John B. Hood. He was at Second Manassas. He was at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, in the cornfield, where the rank growth was mown by the sickles of battle, and

where more than half of his comrades were left dead and wounded on the field. He was at the Wilderness, and saw Captain Harding, of his command, lead the great commander's horse back to the rear from the line of certain death, and he fell wounded on the field just as the shout of victory was raised. He came with Longstreet and Hood to Chickamauga, where the veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia touched elbows on the firing line with the veterans of the Tennessee, and, united, contended on that bloody field with men of equal valor who wore the blue. He was at the storming of Round Top Mountain at Gettysburg, where human valor reached its highest flood tide, and where, could the crest of the mountain have been held for a few brief moments, the Confederacy would have lived and the history of the world been changed. He was in every great battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, except the first Manassas and Fredericksburg, and was one of the 8,000 immortals in gray who laid down their muskets at Appomattox. He was a private infantry soldier from the beginning to the end of the war, but the heroes of war are not always on horseback, nor do they always bear the insignia of rank, but more often are the man who bears the battle flag and the color guard who around him stand to raise it when he falls, and there is where JOHN PINCKNEY often stood. When the cause for which he contended was lost and his country's flag was forever furled in gloom and in glory, PINCKNEY in good faith accepted his parole from a brave and generous foe, which from that time he honestly observed. He turned his face to the South, and, though worn by war and enfeebled by wounds, he tramped 2,000 miles to his loved Texas home.

He stood with other returned Confederates through all the dark days of reconstruction, days more trying than war, more humiliating than defeat, but never losing hope, and he and

those like him redeemed the Southland from radical misrule and placed it in the way of progress, and to them is due its present wonderful prosperity. In war and in peace he bore himself so well that the people loved and trusted and greatly honored him; and the uneducated country boy in gray who forty years before, with rifle in hand, stood picket on the banks of the Potomac, with scant clothing to shield him from the winter's blast, returned a Representative in the Congress of this great, happy, and reunited country.

Mr. Speaker, I witnessed once, in this splendid Capitol, the honors paid to one who died high in place and power. Grand and imposing were the obsequies. The great ones of the nation and those who represent the nations of the earth were here, and many thousands came to pay deserved honor to the distinguished dead. In the Senate Chamber the coffin rested on a bed of roses, and the pomp and ceremony was befitting the grand and solemn occasion, and it was well, for a great man was dead and the nation mourned. But all this did not so impress me as did the simple services on the occasion of PINCKNEY'S death. When I reached there the old soldier lay at rest in his little humble, vineclad home; a brother, who gave his life in his defense, lay dead beside him, and his dear old sister—sister and mother both to him—could not be comforted, for death had sent too many darts of late into her devoted heart. The excitement of the day was over, the passions of men had subsided, the day was as beautiful and quiet as was the first Sabbath at creation's dawn, the funeral bell tolled slowly as if each stroke would be the last, and as though reluctant to bear the sad, sad tidings.

It was the warm springtime and the air was laden with the perfume of the jasmine and the rose. The people came by thousands from miles around—the rich and poor—in buggies,

wagons, on horseback, and on foot. A few old soldiers, the remnant of his gallant command, who had placed many of his fallen comrades in shallow trenches on the battlefield, stood by to bear him to his final resting place. An earnest, simple prayer was said, tears were falling, and many heart sobs could be heard. The hearse moved out and all the people followed in slow and long procession far across the prairie to the little country churchyard. Loving hands placed the clods above him, an humble prayer was said while the people knelt, a brief tribute was spoken, and then the women banked high the roses and prairie flowers on his lonely grave. I thought this is indeed the tribute my plain old friend would like, and such as his brave, useful, and unselfish life so well deserved, and looking at his quiet, peaceful resting place and thinking of the struggles he had had in life, the battles fought, the dangers past, the victories won, the many wounds upon his weary body, his comrades gone before, that could he have spoken he would have said :

Dear friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul has passed.

Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer not the garb,
The plume of the eagle, not the bars
That hold me from those splendid stars.

I cast a clod upon his lonely grave, have paid a last poor, but loving tribute to his memory, and now, my old friend and comrade, for a time, farewell and good cheer to you and all the boys; I'll meet you on the river at the crossing in the morning when the reveille shall sound.

ADDRESS OF MR. PADGETT, OF TENNESSEE

MR. SPEAKER: I avail myself of this opportunity to endeavor to pay a merited tribute of respect to the memory of a departed associate. I wish, sir, that I were able to pay a tribute commensurate with his deserts, but poverty of language denies to me that privilege.

I did not know Mr. PINCKNEY before our association here. I did learn here to know him well. He was a retiring, modest, unassuming gentleman. Ofttimes during the sessions of the House he would meet me and talk in that quiet, friendly, comforting way that drew us close together. He was not the dazzling sunflower nor the gorgeous rose; he was not one who startled or commanded men; but he was more like the violet, modest and retiring, that we have to search for, but that when found we gather to ourselves to be admired and loved.

As a boy Mr. PINCKNEY had neither the advantages of wealth nor of influential station, but as the son of an invalid father was cast upon his own efforts and resources and had to bear much of the burden of the support of his family. He met the duties and responsibilities of a noble son in a way befitting the nobility of his character and his purpose. Growing into manhood, entering into the estate of citizenship, he ever met and discharged the duties and responsibilities that came to him in a way that won for him the esteem, the confidence, and the respect of his fellow-citizens. Early in his life came that trying epoch in our nation's history when, as he saw his duty, it became incumbent upon him to enter upon the field

of battle and assume the obligations of a soldier. Those who knew him during those times have testified to-day and others will testify to the splendid life and character and to the unsullied bravery which he displayed on the field of battle.

He came out of the war in the very prime of young manhood and began to enter upon the duties of citizenship. He had so won the respect and confidence of his people that they honored him, as has been told you, by election to the judgeship for a series of years to preserve the order and maintain the Government among his people. He was also elected, for a longer number of years, as prosecuting attorney, to conduct the active administration of the duty of prosecuting offenders against the law and dignity of his State. In both of these positions, with unflinching courage, with unwavering devotion, with an impartiality which commended him for more exalted station, he honored himself and he honored his people, and they commissioned him to represent them in this august body. When he came here he brought with him the same devotion to duty, the same purity of purpose, which had characterized his life and his public service at home.

Mr. Speaker, JOHN M. PINCKNEY was an honorable man. When I say that I do not limit him to that narrow view of honesty which renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. I do not place him upon the low level of the motto attributed to Benjamin Franklin, that "honesty is the best policy." It is true, sir, that honesty is the best policy; but may we not stop for a moment to think upon what a low plane that places this virtue—to be honest because it is politic, to be honest because it may be profitable, to be honest because it may serve a purpose or promote a selfish interest? Nay, verily, Mr. Speaker, JOHN M. PINCKNEY was an honorable man who rose into the higher clime of integrity of character and nobility of purpose.

He was honest because he loved the truth. He was honorable because falsehood was hateful to his soul. He was honorable because the truth was congenial to his very being. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, Mr. Speaker, was a good man. As I intimated a moment ago, I would not say that he was a great man. He was not one of those whose brilliance and genius shone out as an overpowering light. We often impress upon others and upon our children the truth that it is a good thing to be a great man. I commend it, and it is true. But let us turn that proposition around, and it is equally true that it is a great thing to be a good man.

JOHN M. PINCKNEY was a good man, and in the superlative character of his goodness he was great. Mr. PINCKNEY was a man of convictions. He believed something. What he declared he believed, and he declared what he believed. He was not afraid for the world to know his purpose; he did not desire to withhold from his fellows his belief and his convictions. One thing he believed that I may properly refer to here, Mr. Speaker, and that is, he believed in temperance. He believed in private and public sobriety. He believed that it was to the uplifting of his fellow-men and to the betterment of his Commonwealth to have sober citizens, and to that conviction he gave his life; and no grander tribute can be paid to his memory, no better testimony can be borne to his character, than the solemn fact that he gave his life for the betterment of his people in upholding that principle of individual and public sobriety which he believed was a foundation principle in human society. It was a holy moment, a noble cause in which to die. Mr. Speaker, we can not understand the mystery of death—why it is that he should have been cut down just at that moment, or why others go in such mysterious and, as it seems to us, inopportune times. It is not my purpose here to philosophize about

death, but one thought does occur to me. The seed must be planted to grow. As long as it remains unplanted it is circumscribed and limited by its own circumference; but plant the seed in the soil, in the sunshine and rain, and the body breaks and there comes forth the plant with its foliage, its fruitage, and its flowers; and so it has been said of us: Except we be planted we shall not live; earth to earth, dust to dust; the manacles of the flesh broken loose, the limitation of the senses removed, and the soul in communion with the universe, in fellowship with eternity. In that life, Mr. Speaker, where the good and the true and the brave are gathered, there we shall expect to find JOHN M. PINCKNEY, and to be with the true, the good, and the brave of the earth forever will be satisfaction.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: One year and five days have elapsed since Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, in a deplorable tragedy, at the town of Hempstead, Tex., in an unexpected moment, was hurled into eternity. His death came without warning while he was attending a citizens' meeting of his home town. It grew out of one of those unfortunate differences so frequently engendered by a discussion of the liquor problem. JOHN M. PINCKNEY sprang from a talented and chivalrous race of men who have made the history of more than one Southern State rich in deeds of valor and patriotism. His name is linked with those of the Prestons, Sims, Bees, and others of the South who have contributed to the glory and achievement of this Republic.

In the early days of this Government, while Washington and Adams were President, there were complications of our commerce on the high seas with France, and citizens of that country were committing depredations against us. Adams sent an embassy to France to adjust the differences between the two nations. The French Directory insulted our embassy by refusing to give audience until a liberal sum was paid the French Government and a quarter of a million dollars was given to Talleyrand, who was on the Directory. In reply to this disgraceful demand, one of our embassy made the immortal answer: "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." Thus answered Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, a citizen of South Carolina. From this patriotic name and distinguished ancestry sprang JOHN M. PINCKNEY. He ever proved himself a worthy son of the noble race of men preceding him. Their ardent

patriotism and conscientious regard for right never abated in the slightest degree in the brain and heart of the latter-day Pinckneys.

In the life of our deceased brother may be gleaned many lessons worthy to be emulated by the youth of the land. Through his whole career, public and private, the noblest and best impulses of humanity were ever present and predominant. The good ran through his whole existence. Evil never found lodgment in his make-up. The history of this man is worthy to be held up before all mankind. It is deserving of the best study and the deepest scrutiny of everyone.

Let me briefly portray his career. He was a native Texan, born in Grimes County in May, 1845. When the war between the States came on in 1861, a beardless youth, he enlisted under the flag of the Confederacy. He joined Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment Volunteer Infantry, organized at Camp Texas, near Richmond, Va., in September, 1861, under Col. John B. Hood. He participated in all the battles of his regiment (except Fredericksburg) from the first, in the woods at Eltham Landing on the Virginia peninsula, through the campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Tennessee, and Virginia again, until the immortal Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Among the notable battles of his career were the great struggles at Gaines Mill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamanga, and the Wilderness. Once captured, he remained a prisoner only fifteen days. Thrice wounded, once seriously, he languished on the battlefield of the Wilderness for two days. His wounded Texas comrades stricken down by his side on that fateful day have testified to his soldierly bearing through that terrible ordeal. Rising from the blood-stained and cruel battle ground a veteran of many conflicts, though not yet 20 years of age, he

emerged from that terrific struggle and returned to his home and native State. As soon as he could gather means and get himself in readiness, he took up the study of law, and in 1875 was admitted to the bar. Locating at Hempstead, the place where rest his mortal remains, he was elected district attorney, and for ten years, without opposition, held this responsible office, achieving most signal distinction as a prosecutor, so fair, honorable, vigilant, efficient, and courageous was his administration in office. In 1900, without opposition, he was chosen county judge of his county and filled that place with great credit until 1903, when he was elected to the United States Congress to fill out the unexpired term of the Hon. Thomas H. Ball, of Houston, Tex.

It is but fair and appropriate in giving a brief history of this splendid man, without reference to who was right or wrong, to set down a short allusion to the causes leading to his untimely death. It is truly lamentable that the question of local option in his county had wrought good men up to fever heat and arrayed friends and neighbors in warring and opposing factions. In his races for Congress his friends importuned him and said: "John, give up prohibition or you will not win the Congressional race." So zealously imbued with the righteousness of his cause he promptly replied: "I will never go back on women and children for Congressman or any other office." Passions of men rose to the highest pitch, the citizens' meeting at Hempstead came, and in its midst, in the twinkling of an eye, the unsullied and knightly spirit of JOHN M. PINCKNEY was hushed forever. Without warning, without a murmur, his dauntless soul left his body while he calmly remarked: "They have killed me." A martyr to the cause he advocated and loved with all the intensity of his brave heart.

Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack, and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past;
But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a law of nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

To-day we pay tribute to a man noble in every sense of the word. A brave soldier in Hood's superb and immortal Texas brigade; a prosecuting officer of the highest and most efficient order for ten years; an upright judge of the county where he now lies buried among those who knew and loved him best. With a stainless record he put aside the judicial ermine for higher honors. The youth of Texas could not well find a better prototype revealing all the elements of true manhood in a greater degree than the late JOHN M. PINCKNEY. He was never married, but lived with his brothers and the devoted sister, Sue M. Pinckney. The story of his life would not be complete without a reference to the love between this sister and brother. Their heartstrings were entwined with one another in the most tender devotion ever witnessed by men and women.

In all my experience and reading of history, fiction, romance, and poetry I have never met such complete love between sister and brother. This good man, who, in his youth, as a mere boy, had cared for a crippled father and his brothers with an affection that can not be portrayed by language, had made this sister the very heart of his desires, his hopes, his love. This guardian angel of his existence was the cynosure of every aspiration and every effort.

From her own language I know that for all the years of his life, after he became a man, he was never away from her a single day without sending to her through the mails some message of

tenderness and cheer. Each day he wrote her a letter filled with affection and brotherly solicitude. What devotion from brother to sister! To know the life and love of this family thrills the heart and moves to tears, but when the tears are gone it makes us better for the exalted lessons that have been indelibly written in our innermost souls. Let me recite, substantially as another has given it, a brief incident illustrating the attachment between our deceased brother and this devoted sister. He worshiped at the shrine of his sister. The affection between Miss Sue Pinckney and JOHN M. PINCKNEY was most extraordinary. Miss Pinckney is a writer of no mean ability, having been a contributor, on more than one occasion, to the local press. She is the author of *Douglas, Tender and True*, a story of life before and during the civil war, which has been published in book form, and another book just printed, *A Tale of the South*. She is a Christian who says "Our Father which art in Heaven" reverently, confidently, and sincerely. She has no more doubt of her faith than of the sun.

The night that JOHN M. PINCKNEY was nominated for Congress in Houston he boarded the first train for home. The news had already been telegraphed ahead, and the town was lurid with bonfires. A band was at the depot to meet him, and when the familiar form of the nominee descended the steps the air was rent with shouts. He did not heed them, however, for he saw advancing toward him the familiar form of one who had been for years his comforter and companion. It was the form of his sister. Though her figure was bent with the weight of years, and her face was not, in the common acceptance of the word, beautiful, it was lighted with the love of one whom she knew was happy on achieving the ambition of a lifetime. She was not attired in the latest Parisian garb, but on her head rested a plain white sunbonnet. To JOHN PINCKNEY, however, the face was

radiantly beautiful, and when they met he grasped her in his arms and showered kisses upon her brow. It was the happiest moment of his lifetime, and the onlookers stood back and deeply impressive silence reigned over the crowd that a few moments before had been tumultuously applauding. More than one eye was wet with tears of sympathetic joy. He once said:

I owe more to my sister than can ever be expressed, and the ambition of my life is to so live that I will be worthy of her affection.

In 1903 he came to Congress as the Representative of the Eighth Congressional district. His service here was brief, but was characterized by the strictest fidelity to official duty. He was at all times a Democrat of the purest and best type. He honored his constituency, Texas, and his party on all occasions.

It can be truly said that JOHN PINCKNEY never faltered at the discharge of public or private obligation. He knew not fear, physical or moral. I pronounce no empty declaration when saying he hated wrong and loved all righteous things. With an honorable and distinguished life's work ended, he has gone to that—

Mysterious world, untraveled by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run.

In far-off Texas, 'neath a billowy blue sea of April flowers, he sleeps in the congenial soil of his native State. Texans knew, honored, and loved him. His memory will not soon be forgotten by her generous people. In one sphere alone did I know him best. He was my friend and here he proved himself—

Constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The life of JOHN PINCKNEY was filled with those things that live after men to bless them. He will not be lost in the oblivion of forgetfulness. Neighbors, friends, Texans will

cling tenaciously to his memory. Those grizzled veterans yet living who faced death on a hundred fields of carnage will glory in his career, which sheds luster on their joint deeds of valor and patriotism.

Valiant soul, farewell!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

ADDRESS OF MR. GREGG, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: It is but fitting that we, Members of this body, which deals so much with the statistics of material prosperity and the worth and value of material products, should pause occasionally and devote some of our time, thought, and energy to a consideration of the material of which men are made; that we now and then should turn from glorifying partisan policies and political deeds to the exaltation of the deeds of men; that we occasionally should turn from the prose of life to its poetry.

This is why to-day, in pursuance of a custom handed down to us from the beginning, has been set aside to pay tribute to the memory and virtues of our friend who has passed over the river and now rests under the shade of the trees.

In the Fifty-eighth Congress there came to us one whom, though he stayed with us but a short time, all of us who knew him learned to love. This one, Mr. Speaker, was JOHN M. PINCKNEY, of Texas.

The history of this man's active participation in the affairs of his country may be divided into two clearly separate and distinct periods or epochs, in each of which he builded for himself a monument more lasting than brass, the period of boyhood, for it was as a boy he fought the battles of his country and inscribed his name upon the imperishable records of valor as the bravest of the brave; the period of manhood, for in this he battled with the adversities of destroyed fortune and an oppressed and desolated land and inscribed his name upon the records of those trying times as the truest of the true.

JOHN M. PINCKNEY sprang from a long line of illustrious ancestors. He was a scion of the Pinckney stock who, in Colonial times and for the first third of the nineteenth century, dominated the political activities and governmental agencies of the States of Maryland and South Carolina.

After serious financial reverses in 1837 his father settled in Texas. Here in Grimes County JOHN M. PINCKNEY was born on the 5th day of May, 1845.

While a boy in his teens the tocsin of war sounded. His country summoned; he answered her summons and gave to her all his boyhood and young manhood. He enlisted on the 20th day of April, 1861, in Company G, Fourth Texas Infantry, then commanded by Col. John B. Hood. Immediately he left his home and saw it no more until the cause for which he fought was lost, his government overthrown, and his president a shackled prisoner in the chilly, gloomy casement at Fortress Monroe. He was a famous member of the famous Hood's Texas brigade. This brigade, it is the sober truth to say, was the best body of infantry that ever mustered on this globe. Xenophon has told of the advance and retreat of the 10,000 Greeks; no poet has sung, no historian has chronicled, the achievements of Hood's Texas brigade.

When JOHN M. PINCKNEY and his brave companions in arms started on the long and toilsome journey from Houston, Tex., to Richmond, Va., they compassed in their march twice the distance of Xenophon and his 10,000 Greeks. To their infinite chagrin they reached Richmond the day after the first battle of Manassas was fought. They were then incorporated into the army of northern Virginia and were the star brigade of that illustrious army.

What the Macedonian phalanx was to Alexander, the Tenth Legion to Cæsar, the Ironsides to Cromwell, the Old Guard to Napoleon, Hood's Texas brigade was to General Lee.

In the most desperate charge of the civil war—of any war—that at Gaines Mill, in July, 1862, this brigade, under the immediate command of Gen. John B. Hood and under the eyes of their great commander, Lee, stormed three lines of bristling intrenchments, captured twenty-two pieces of artillery, and drove Sykes's division of regulars and Porter's whole corps in confusion from the field of battle. The gallant Hood, at the head of his victorious troops, was the first who leaped over the intrenchments; he turned, and there by his side stood the modest, brave, heroic JOHN M. PINCKNEY.

He was, with his stout-hearted brothers in arms, in the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, and Suffolk.

When Longstreet's corps reached the fatal field of Gettysburg, in the early morning of the 2d day of July, 1863, JOHN M. PINCKNEY and five others of his regiment were sent out on a scout to ascertain the enemy's line, position, and designs. Secretly, cautiously, and successfully they passed around the flank of the Federal Army, ascended the summits of Little and Big Round Top, and there beneath them, saw all the trains of the Union Army, its artillery, and thousands of its troops huddled together, not suspecting that the enemy was so near. The brave PINCKNEY immediately dispatched two of his scouts to General Hood with the information that they were on the flank of General Meade's army, and that that army, and all its trains and artillery, by bold and resolute attack, could be made the easy prize of General Lee, and urged that these positions be at once occupied by all the forces possible. When the messenger with this information reached General Hood, he was just forming his division for an assault on Peach Orchard. He begged General Longstreet for permission to make the movement suggested by PINCKNEY, but Longstreet could not grant it, as General Lee had given him imperative orders to charge

with his corps up the Emmitsburg pike. Could this movement have been made, the result of the fearful struggle might have been different.

When General Lee's broken legions retreated from their murderous and hopeless assault on Cemetery Hill back to Virginia, JOHN M. PINCKNEY was ever with his command, at the point of danger; and when his division was hurried off to Chickamauga he went along, and under their veteran commanders, Longstreet and Hood, this division, with PINCKNEY in the front rank, stormed Snodgrass Hill and drove the enemy in confusion from the bloody field.

At Knoxville, Bull's Gap, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor, and at 100 battles and skirmishes around Richmond and Petersburg, JOHN M. PINCKNEY was always in the van, and bore a hero's part. But amid all these scenes of carnage and death the Supreme Arbiter of life and death suffered him not to be seriously harmed, but spared him, that he might become a factor in the material and social upbuilding of his beloved Southland, to whose cause he had devoted his boyhood and the flower of his young manhood.

Forty-one years ago from the 8th day of this month he stood in the last line of battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox. On the following day he stacked his arms, and with streaming eyes and heavy heart took up his melancholy march to his far-distant home in Texas.

While in war his character was grand, yet in the arts of peace, in his efforts for the enforcement of law and order, in his devotion to duty, in his fidelity to his friends, and in his ardent affection for his loved ones, his character was sublime.

Though brave in war, he was heroic in peace. Though he devoted, in war, four years of his life in an effort to uphold the sovereignty of his State, he spent the remainder of his life in

an effort to uphold the dignity and sanctity of her laws. In war he was a terror to honorable foes, in peace he was a terror to evildoers, and a shield to righteousness and virtue, and a protector of the innocent.

The same courage and the same fortitude, heightened in degree by his added years, he carried into civil life. He studied law by torchlight, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. In 1890 he was appointed district attorney of his district by Governor Ross, and for ten years faithfully and efficiently prosecuted all violators of the law. None were high enough or rich enough to secure immunity from just prosecution and punishment, and none low enough or poor enough to be subjected to unjust prosecution or punishment.

If I were asked what were the strongest traits of his character, I would say the honesty with which he formed his conclusions and the courage displayed in maintaining his convictions. He won the sobriquet of "Honest John." Time will not permit me to mention more than one illustration of this courage of conviction. Prior to his becoming a candidate for Congress he had been a Prohibitionist—that is, he favored the adoption by his community of the local laws provided by the State of Texas to prohibit the open saloon. These laws were very unpopular in certain parts of his district, and certain friends wrote him: "John, let prohibition alone, or you are beat for Congress." This manly reply was sent: "I will not go back on my convictions for Congress or any other office." Like the great Clay, he had rather be right, as he saw it, than be President. This won the respect and admiration of the most bitter opponents of his views on this subject, for all of us admire a man who fearlessly stands for his convictions, regardless of whether we agree with or differ from these convictions.

If I were asked what was the crowning trait of his character, I would say his heaven-born devotion for those bound to him by ties of blood and family—his loved ones. While his love for his brothers was such that he would have given his life for them, the chords of his tenderest and sweetest affection naturally twined about his only sister.

These two, the brother and sister, were all love and devotion; they grew up together, and shared each other's every joy and sorrow. To her he was an idol; to him she was a solace and inspiration and incentive to lofty ideals and deeds.

He has been taken and now she is left. My heart goes out to her in her desolation. Alone, with no companion save the memory of his glorious life—alone to nurse that agony of grief which only a devoted heart like hers can feel, until she receives the summons to join again her loved ones upon the shore of that great beyond.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURGESS, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: JOHN MCPHERSON PINCKNEY is dead, and his colleagues and friends meet here to-day to pay our last tribute of respect to his memory. He died a sudden and a tragic death, the circumstances and manner of which furnish but another of which history is full of those striking, bitter commentaries upon the frailty of mankind. That human beings should become aroused by reason of religious or political differences to the height of passion and prejudice and to engage in the destruction of each other seems in our peaceful moments in a Christian age incomprehensible, and that is exactly what did occur—a sad picture which furnishes for us food for the profoundest reflection. The victim in this case was a man of notable characteristics. Other colleagues have spoken already of his matchless career as a soldier, of his devotion to civic duty. Certain it is that a review of this man's career as a soldier in Hood's Texas brigade stirs human hearts, and is a matter in which not only every Texan, not only every son of the South, not only every American, but every brave man can rejoice.

For many years Mr. PINCKNEY represented a judicial district, many counties of which were a part of the Congressional district in which I was first elected. We had very many warm mutual personal friends, and while I had known him for many years more or less intimately it was but natural that when he came to Congress we became at once intimate, warm personal friends. I wish to speak, out of my friendship for him and

knowledge of his personal characteristics, of some of the elements of his character, all of which will be abundantly confirmed by what has been said of both his public and his private career. He came of an illustrious family, and while his environment as a young man was not equal to many more favored men in this life, it developed the fact that to be a fine character, to be a genuine gentleman, blood—family—cuts some figure and is a potent factor to that result. His early educational advantages were meager. His environment was not of the highest kind, which we term "polite society," but he came of good, honest stock. He was born and reared among good, honest people, and he lived and died a genuine gentleman that invokes those beautiful lines by Eliza Cook:

Nature, with a lavish hand, sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn.
She molds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

The profoundest characteristic of this worthy man may be summed up in the simple and trite expression, "He was an honest man." And by honesty I mean more than that mere sense of obligation of which we sometimes speak as commercial honor. I mean more than a mere sense of duty to obey law and to discharge legal obligations. I mean a far deeper thing than that. That is superficial honesty; that is an honesty that may spring of policy and may be forced by intellectual recognition of its advantages.

The Great Teacher, in the profoundest of his parables, in which He likens men to soil and the Word to seed sown, depicts the fact that only that seed prospered which fell in "good and honest soil." Real honesty is a gift of God worked out in those infinite processes which compose the law of heredity, and under all circumstances, under any environment, they will work out true results.

Such an honest man was JOHN M. PINCKNEY, a man inherently honest, a man built to be honest, a man who desired to be nothing else but honest, a man whose fiber of soul was as true to truth as the magnet to the current that animates it.

He also was a brave man, and I mean here, as in the other case, more than that bravery partaken of by the brute, more than that physical nerve to engage in a personal encounter. I mean that bravery which springs up in the human soul as a result of the sense of right, and which is the sister of honesty in the human heart; that bravery which knows no fear when once it conceives its duty. This man's career, as strikingly as any of the great of earth, revealed the fact that he was brave in the highest and best sense. Whether you differed with him as to his convictions upon which he went into the great civil conflict, whether you differed with him in his views in this or that case when he prosecuted in the courts of the country, whether you differed from him in his views that led in part, unfortunately, to his tragic death, whatever your view may have been, as opposed to his upon any issue, if you knew him you recognized that they were sincere, honest, manly, brave, and that he would not be swerved and would not be turned by any consideration of the result of his advocacy of the conviction.

It follows from these two things, that were deep in the man's soul, as day follows night, that he was a loyal patriot; that he was a sincere, unwavering friend; that he was devoted to every object of his affection. I have never heard, and I believe no other living man ever heard, in all the bitter contests of JOHN M. PINCKNEY's life, his worst enemy proclaim that he had ever been false to a friend. He was as intense in this respect as any man I ever knew. I never came in personal contact with any man in all my experience who I thought had a higher sense of loyalty to his friendship, as well as his devotion to his principles and his duties. The man had a great heart. Not only

his career as a soldier and as a citizen, not only his devotion as a friend, but his matchless affection, long-continued, for his sister, is one of the most wonderful things in the career of any man I know in history, in any age—anywhere.

His maiden sister managed his home. She was mother, sister, daughter, sweetheart, all rolled into one. And no fond father, no devoted brother, no lover ever worshiped the object of his affection more deeply and continuously than JOHN M. PINCKNEY worshiped his sister, Miss Sue, as she was commonly and generally called. You have heard it described here by other colleagues how for years, when separated from her in the discharge of his duties as district attorney and in other positions in life, it was his daily custom to write this sister a letter. Ah, it is the little things in life that touch our hearts; it is the little things in life that go to make up the great sum of human character that at last, in the day of final account, glorify the human soul.

This devotion was really pathetic. No mention of the man's life would be complete without a mention of this remarkable affection borne between this maiden sister and this old bachelor. No language can soften the grief of that heart. I would that I had power, I would that language had not so great limitation, so that it were possible that some of us could utter something here that would fall with softening effect upon that sorrowing heart.

Nothing can be said, humanly speaking, that can soften her sorrow. If, as we hope and fondly believe, she be one of those whose faith is anchored within the vale, who can look with Christian eyes beyond the dark river and contemplate the glories of a future state beyond this, she may soften her grief and her sorrow by the hope that is left her, and all who grieve as she does, in the great beyond.

ADDRESS OF MR. BEALL, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: I can add nothing to what has already been said in beautiful tribute to the memory of JOHN M. PINCKNEY. It is fit that on this beautiful Sabbath day, this day that is dedicated to rest and worship, when tree and flower are feeling the touch of a new resurrection, we should meet to honor the memory of as brave and lofty a spirit as ever walked among men. We speak no cold and formal words of eulogy of our dead to-day, for if he could speak to us from that mysterious and echoless shore JOHN M. PINCKNEY would spurn such words if spoken.

We come to voice a grief that is sincere, and to honor ourselves and our State by paying tribute to our colleague who has solved the mysteries of death.

The birth of our friend was under humble conditions, but in his veins flowed the blood of a heroic race and an illustrious family, he being a descendent of the old Pinckney stock so distinguished in the early days of this Republic. He was a native of the district which he so faithfully represented here. His whole life was spent among these people, and they, better than all others, were acquainted with his virtues and his frailties, and the love his own people had for him is the surest testimonial to his worth.

I know of no surer test to apply to determine the worth of a man than to judge him in this way. A man here is viewed through a light that diminishes and reduces him below what he really is. If he is viewed through the partial glasses of

relatives or intimate friends, he is unduly enlarged; but when he is measured by the regard of his own people as a whole, where neither intense friendship nor intense hostility refract the light, a fair estimate of his character can be reached.

At the time of his birth Texas was just laying aside the scepter as an independent republic and was taking her place as a State of this Union. It was then far out upon the border line of civilization. Her vast prairies were then unsettled and her great forests were unpeopled. His early years were spent amidst the dangers and hardships of this frontier life. His opportunities for an education were limited. While he was but a slender, beardless boy he donned the uniform of the Confederacy and went out with the other brave spirits who formed Hood's immortal brigade of Texans. At Second Manassas, at Gaines Mill, at Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, and upon a hundred other battlefields he looked death in the face without faltering. He fell, seriously wounded, in the Wilderness, but finally recovered. He suffered the horrors of captivity, but escaped. He was with the ragged and famishing battalions that Lee, the knightliest soldier of all time, surrendered to Grant, the generous one.

To me there is something inexpressibly sad in the thought that this House is now honored by the presence of so few of those who participated in that great struggle upon either side. As the years go by their ranks are growing thinner and thinner here on earth, and fewer and fewer are those who answer to roll call in either branch of Congress. They were the choicest spirits that the world ever saw, and their record here has been no less honorable than their conduct upon the field of battle.

When he returned from the war he became the support of his invalid father and of his brothers and sisters. He had

neither child nor wife to lavish his affection upon, and so he gave it in generous measure to brothers and sister and orphan children. Mention has already been made of the sweet and tender love between him and his sister. To him she represented all that was tender and beautiful and good in woman; to her he was all that was noble, brave, and heroic in man. When separated, as they rarely were, neither the labor of his profession nor the cares of official position ever prevented him from sending his daily message of love to his "Sukey," as he fondly called her.

When the convention met that first nominated him, the contest was bitter and the result uncertain. When finally he was nominated, he was sent for to address the convention, and amidst the applause of friends he was escorted to the platform. In that hour he forgot all about personal triumphs, but with tearful eyes said, "Boys, you have made my sister the happiest woman in all the world to-day."

It was told of him that when in the heat of the campaign it was charged that he really belonged to the Prohibition party because of his bitter opposition to the liquor traffic, he said: "I am a Democrat. If you don't believe that I am, go ask my sister Sue." In the mind of this brave and simple old man there was no right of appeal from the judgment of that sister.

I pray God to pity her and care for her in this night of loneliness and sorrow to her. Within a few short months she was bereft of three brave brothers by the hand of violence. In a letter to one of my colleagues she says: "Had any woman such awful trouble as is on me? Day and night I think of them. If the sun shines, my soul is sick; there are no dear boys here to enjoy it. If it rains, the raindrops that fall on their graves also fall upon my heart."

While we conduct these exercises here to-day, in far-off Texas, in a little cottage she sits with streaming eyes and breaking heart, caressing the blood-stained garments of her loved one, whispering to herself his name and living over in sorrowful memory the years of the past with him.

Mr. Speaker, I rejoice that it was my privilege to serve with JOHN PINCKNEY in this House and to know him. I admired and loved him because he had lived such a life of sacrifice for others; because he had been such a knightly soldier; because he was as gentle as a woman and as simple as a child.

He was not a politician as the word is commonly used. He despised all the arts of the demagogue and all the practices of trickery and hypocrisy. He did not pretend to be what he was not. He was a plain, old-fashioned Texan, faithful to truth as he saw it and to duty as he understood it.

I thank God that we live in a land that produces such men, and that honors such men, and that is blessed with the memory of such men. He was not a great man as the world usually measures greatness. Limited in opportunity and education, he possessed but ordinary ability and ordinary attainments. Yet he was a great man as measured by the truer standards of greatness. He was a man who dared to look his duty in the face and to follow, though by doing so he walked alone and in the night. He was a man who loved truth above all things else. He was a man who forgot himself and by the light of that sacrifice dedicated himself to the service of his fellowman.

His death was a cruel and needless sacrifice. His heart was pierced by the bullet of a cowardly assassin. He died as he had lived, pleading for the supremacy of the law and the protection of the helpless.

Mr. Speaker, the tired hands of our colleague are folded now and the weary eyes are closed forever. Above his grave the blue skies of his beloved Texas bend, but he sees them not ; the flowers are blooming about him, but he catches not their fragrance ; the southern breezes whisper above his resting place, but he feels them not ; the mocking bird sings wondrous melodies above his dust, but he hears them not. Let us hope that his spirit abides 'neath e'en fairer skies, where sweeter flowers blossom and gentler breezes blow, and where the strains of heavenly music thrill his soul.

ADDRESS OF MR. GARNER, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: JOHN M. PINCKNEY was a genuine son of the old South. He had the virtues and characteristics of a long line of slave-holding ancestors, with but few of their vices. He was brave, honest, patriotic, unselfish, and the ruling principle of his nature was the performance of every duty intrusted to him.

While he was yet a raw boy in his teens, on his father's plantation, the great civil war burst upon the country. With youthful ardor he threw aside his school books and enlisted in Company G, Fourth Texas Infantry, then commanded by the Marshall Ney of the Confederacy, John B. Hood. He was with the Confederacy from its beginning to its end. He sat by its cradle; he followed its hearse.

He marched with his command from Houston, Tex., to Richmond, Va. There his regiment was incorporated, with other Texas regiments, into Hood's famous brigade, which was the finest brigade of the finest division of the finest corps of the finest army that ever marched to battle, that body of incomparable infantry, that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, the Army of Northern Virginia, which, as has been eloquently and truly said, "carried for four years the revolt of the South on its bayonets and died only with its annihilation."

If the many battles, marches, and victories of Hood's Texas brigade could be written, truly its story would rival the Odyssey in adventure, romance, and thrilling interest. They won glorious victories in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania,

North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. More than half a dozen States were the theater of their brilliant exploits in arms. At Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and the seven days' battles around Richmond, second Manassas, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Campbell Station, Knoxville, Bulls Gap, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-House, Cold Harbor, in a hundred battles around Petersburg and Richmond, its plume floated bravely and defiantly on the red crest of battle and where the storm was fiercest there was JOHN M. PINCKNEY.

Often have I heard him tell how, in the late afternoon of the 15th day of September, 1862, Hood's brigade, with worn and wasted ranks, stood on the fatal field of Sharpsburg, and right across the Antietam River they beheld McClellan's vast army unrolling for battle. When Hood's heroes saw this mighty host arrayed against them and looked around on their thin, gray line they shuddered, but just then they turned around and there on the hill behind them they saw outlined against the sky the heroic figure of their great commander, that god of battles, General Lee, seated on his charger and calmly surveying the scene of the coming contest. When Hood's brave veterans saw their great commander they raised a shout of exultation which cheered their comrades all down the line and carried defiance to the brave foes in front of them. In the crisis of the battle of the Wilderness, when General Lee put himself in front of Hood's Texas brigade to lead a desperate charge against the victorious enemy, it was a comrade of JOHN M. PINCKNEY who seized hold of his horse's bridle, and JOHN M. PINCKNEY joined in the shout, "General Lee to the rear, and then we will go to the front." Where the strife was direst there was the Texas brigade.

In the very forefront of all of its desperate battles stood JOHN M. PINCKNEY.

In the winter of 1864 and 1865, when this gallant band had been reduced to hardly a respectable company in numbers, it was proposed to consolidate them with a North Carolina brigade. A delegation, of which JOHN M. PINCKNEY was a member, was sent to General Lee to protest against their destruction as a brigade. General Lee joined in their protest and gave them a letter to President Davis. When old Howdy Martin, who was made the head of the delegation, found President Davis and eloquently protested against the destruction of their autonomy as a brigade, the stout heart of the inflexible and resolute Davis relented. He burst into tears and told the ragged veterans in front of him to go back to their command; as long as the Confederacy lived and he was its chief executive never would that great, grand old brigade cease to preserve its original organization. The gray and grizzled veterans carried back this message to their comrades, and in all subsequent battles they made good the confidence reposed in them by General Lee and Jefferson Davis.

JOHN M. PINCKNEY marched with his brigade into Richmond on the Sunday preceding its evacuation. He there boarded the cars for Petersburg, and on the way looked back and saw the whole sky aflame with the conflagration of the capital of the Confederacy. When he reached Petersburg he there saw Generals Lee and Longstreet seated on their horses gazing woefully on the remnant of the brave old Army of Northern Virginia marching in the gloomy night away from the scene of its many trials and victories.

JOHN M. PINCKNEY fought all the way to Appomattox. There he stacked his arms with the few survivors of his brave old brigade, marched back to Texas with a broken heart,

ruined fortune, and to a destroyed home. He girded himself anew for the battle of life, and in peaceful civil pursuits lived out his appointed days.

By the voluntary suffrage of his friends and countrymen he was elected to many honorable and responsible offices, the difficult duties of which he always performed successfully, faithfully, and well. In every conflict of opinion he always stood for righteousness and for right. Dying, he left behind him an untarnished name and spotless record. No monument marks his final resting place, but there where he sleeps are sepulchered the ashes of one of the best, the bravest, and noblest of men.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA

MR. SPEAKER: We turn once more on this Sabbath day to the contemplation of death. "All that live must die—passing through nature to eternity." The rich and the poor, the humble and the great alike, must fall before this enemy of mankind.

There is a spirit which haunts us night and day, in sunshine and sorrow, evermore repeating this warning:

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent; thy end is nigh.
Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
Oh, think before thou die.

"All men know, or dream, or fear of agony" is embraced in death. Nature, experience, conscience all sound in our ears the melancholy truth:

To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled of this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

In the sad and tragic death of JOHN M. PINCKNEY the State of Texas lost a useful and loyal citizen; this House a patient, attentive, and valuable Member, and each one of us who knew him well a faithful and warm-hearted friend. Outside of his own delegation perhaps he had no better friend in this body than myself. We often walked up Pennsylvania avenue together after the adjournment of the House.

I was always interested in the accounts he gave of the various engagements in which Hood's celebrated brigade participated. Many of these occurred in the territory that now forms a part of the district I represent. The topography is familiar

to me, and I participated in several of these engagements. The modesty with which he referred to his own part in these battles impressed me greatly. Gentleness was among the many virtues of our deceased colleague. I recall many conversations with him in and out of this Chamber that impressed this fact on my mind.

From the notices of his sad taking off, published in the Texas papers and loaned me by my friend and colleague, Hon. Morris Sheppard, I could easily see that this trait of character had won him lasting friends in his district.

The poet had in his mind's eye just such a character when he sung :

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature
Might stand up and say to all the world,
This was a man.

His love for his kindred, and devotion to his friends, as well as loyalty to his State and party are beautifully portrayed in the extracts from the papers published in Texas at the time of his death.

I may well leave these to be elaborated on by the members of his delegation, while in a few simple words I put on record my tribute to a friend and colleague, an old comrade in arms.

He showed in this House, in every conversation, his deeds on the battlefield, and even in the very last moments of his tragic death, that—

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

In the death of our colleague and friend another private soldier of the immortal band that followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia through victory and defeat for four long years has answered the long roll call. He has joined the great majority. For all we know he may be now listening to

debates such as this House can never hear, and could not comprehend if heard. In the council chamber of the spirit land he may have learned ere this why so often on our little earth—

Truth was on the scaffold and error on the throne.

He doubtless knows what he and others have strived oft-times to learn—why freedom and independence was denied a brave people who deserved, yet failed, to win success. For all we know, his emancipated spirit tries in vain to tell us, both in our waking and sleeping hours, the manifold truths of which we can not even dream.

Even the “laws of the spirit,” of which we know so little, because fettered by a casket of clay, must have their metes and bounds. Some day we will know even as now he knows.

A soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia can well imagine a reunion of the choice spirits of that noble band that composed the rank and file of Hood's Texas brigade.

Believing, as most of us do, that life has no end, and is one continuous progress and evolution, we can fancy no condition when the deeds and actions of a former state of being will not be food for thought and subject of comment.

If this be so—and there is no good reason for doubting it—then our colleague is enjoying spiritual communion with his old comrades in arms in a city not built with hands, where sorrows and disappointments are not known and death never enters.

Our deceased friend and colleague was a private soldier of that “incomparable body of men, the glorious infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia” that so often hurled back in confusion the splendidly equipped legions of the North. They immortalized Lee and glorified Jackson and will live in song and story while the history of Marathon and Thermopylæ fires the

heart of patriotism and the charge of Balaklava brightens the lamp of chivalry.

Survivors of the war between the States on either side have observed and commented often on the unselfish devotion of the private soldier.

The general, the colonel, the major, the captain, charged with responsibility and nerved with ambition, too often soldiers of fortune, had a stimulus and hope of reward that did not often stir the private soldier. His breast was fired and his arm nerved by devotion to duty.

He was in many cases better born and more intelligent than his officers, yet he was obedient to orders and marched into the jaws of death with a heroism and courage that has challenged the admiration of the world. He knew in the story of the battles the officers' names would be mentioned, and, if among the slain, they would be borne to well-marked tombs, over which loving hands and grateful hearts would spread flowers and shed tears, while over his own grave, unmarked—unnamed most likely—the winds would sing a sad requiem, and no loving hand would plant a single flower.

A soldier of the Second Virginia Cavalry, in pathetic verse, has epitomized this subject, and a lady in Loudoun County, Va., has put the words to music.

Often around the camp fires I have heard soldiers sing:

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or in the light of their camp fires, gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as a gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls back, and his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips and when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then, drawing roughly his sleeve o'er his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
His footsteps are lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so woud'rously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the lifeblood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
That picket's off duty forever.

Again we may draw some useful lessons from the contemplation of our colleague as a type of the Confederate soldier who survived that struggle and entered at once upon another that challenged to the utmost his courage, patience, and endurance.

The obstacles overcome and the victories won by our friend in this field of endeavor will be told by others better equipped for the task than I can possibly be.

The way in which the southern soldiers gathered up the fragments and rebuilt their waste places after the war was simply marvelous. The cold facts, gathered from statistics, will show them as active in peace as they had been in war. Here, too, the individual apparently counted for little, but he helped to swell the sum total of the striving masses who have been laying surely, if slowly, the foundations of new structures destined to surpass in wealth and power those that went down in the fierce conflict of battle.

Toward this rehabilitation JOHN M. PINCKNEY contributed his full share in the State of Texas, as his colleagues from that State have shown this day.

We will cherish his memory and pray that peace and contentment may follow those who directly bind that memory to earth.

It will not be long before some of us shall join him on the other shore. Death is no more mysterious than life.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHEPPARD, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: Emotions weird and numberless overwhelm us as we turn from the grave whose gates are closing on the form of some beloved companion and wander among the castles of the dust. As meditation deepens we see the shadowy outlines rise until the melancholy habitations of the dead surround us in unending vistas. It is a universe of gloom, an empire of the night. On every wall and tower sits the scepter of the dark. In every chamber solitude is unquestioned monarch. We speak, but only an inaudible whisper leaves the lips. We tread the pallid passages, but no sound betrays our steps. We see the phantom multitudes—the fleshless fingers, the ghastly brows, the pulseless frames—myriads on myriads pouring from a vast and dim horizon, a noiseless Niagara of the dead. They swell the twilight avenues and flood the fragile palaces, a dismal pageantry that ceases not but ever multiplies. We see the forms of those we love. With grief unspeakable we observe the features stark, the bloodless lips, the lifeless eyes in which shine neither recognition nor affection, but only the feeble glimmer of decay. In the desperation of an agony which a strange paralysis chains unuttered in the soul we reel against that tide of death to find the vision vanished and in its place a cemetery with a city near at hand.

In contemplation of the grave a thousand fantasies arise. It is the theme of all themes most prolific in the literature of the world. In the oldest writings known to man—the Vedas, Brahmas, and Avestas—it was the source of the profoundest specula-

tion. Its origin was conjectured in the strains of Hesiod. It was defied and satirized in the philosophy of Epicurus and Lucretius. It was exalted in the meditations of Aurelius. It gave a somber emphasis to the barbaric melodies of Beowulf and all the war chants of the Saxon time. It touched with resistless sorrow the flaunting cynicism of the Rubaiyat. It darkened the life of Petrarch, who emptied his heart in crimson sonnets on the tomb of Laura. It was apotheosized in Milton's classic grief for Lycidas, wherein the bard immortal bids

* * * amaranthus all his beauty shed
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

It prompted the pathetic imagery of Robert Blair, the elegy of Thomas Gray. It suggested to the observant genius of Johnson the famous dirge upon the vanity of human wishes. It added horror to the wild imaginings of Poe. It freighted with a pathos deep and exquisite his lamentations for the lost Lenore, his distress for the death of Annabel Lee, and the journeyings to the tomb of Ulalume.

Down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Such are the reflections with which we approach the commemoration of the death of JOHN MCPHERSON PINCKNEY—reflections saddened beyond all measure by the recollection of his infinite nobility. He combined the qualities of a brave and spotless manhood. Honor radiated from his soul, while truth sat on his brow as on a throne. He was in manner gentle and in action firm. His faith was perfect and his love sincere. Friendship was his altar and justice his shrine. Purity in purpose and courage in execution were the striking elements of his nature, and in his lofty philosophy duty was but another word for God.

Although a native of Texas, he was a descendant of the Pinckneys of South Carolina, who were conspicuous among the founders of the Republic and who adorned the history of their State and the nation with examples of patriotism and ability. His early existence was one of uneventful toil. From the reluctant earth he was compelled by stern conditions to aid in obtaining the necessities of life for a crippled father and a family of brothers and sisters. Thus was impressed upon his tender years the principle of unselfish love which ennobled his entire career. When he was 16 years of age the American civil war began, and he became a Confederate soldier. He took part as a private in Hood's brigade in nearly all the important battles and campaigns of that mighty struggle, surrendering with Lee at Appomattox. His bearing on the field and in the camp was flawless. He was faithful to comrade and loyal to commander. He was cheerful in the bivouac, tireless on the march, and terrible in the charge. His daring on one occasion led to his capture, but he was soon released. He was thrice wounded, once quite seriously. The close of the contest found him a veteran of one of the greatest wars in history at the age of 20.

He returned to his home to face the forces of reconstruction, enemies to be more dreaded than the forces of invasion by which he had been overpowered. In common with his countrymen he began the task of rebuilding a shattered land. He labored at various employments for ten years, being still the principal support of the family. Whatever respite he could secure was utilized in the study of law and general literature, and in 1875 he was admitted to the bar. When it is recalled that during the most impressionable period of his youth he had been subjected to the demoralizing influences of war, that after the conclusion of hostilities society was in an unsettled and

perilous condition, and that the demands upon his time and means strained his energies to the utmost, we may begin to comprehend the moral strength and resolution with which he discharged every obligation to his family and his country, and yet found time to cultivate the gentler graces of the mind and to prepare successfully for the bar.

He was an able and progressive lawyer. He was a vigorous and convincing advocate, a frank and honest counselor. His professional conduct was above question. His conception of his relation to court, to client, and to adversary rested on the highest ethical basis. He would never sacrifice principle for gain nor truth for tainted victory. It was not purely as a lawyer, however, that he achieved a commanding position in the community. The people knew that above the lawyer stood the man. They came to love him for his worship of right, his devotion to justice, and for the stainless splendor of his integrity. The people as a whole, Mr. Speaker, possess a remarkable power of analysis, an unerring judgment of sincerity in public men. They seem to know by some mysterious instinct when public servants are prompted by proper or improper motives. It may be that for this reason the voice of the people is said to be divine. At any rate it is certain that the people of JOHN M. PINCKNEY'S section came intuitively to regard him as the embodiment of law, the personification of its majesty. He was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney. The people summoned him to combat the elements which threatened the overthrow of society, and his response was prompt and manful. For ten years he championed the peace and dignity of the State. As a prosecutor he was utterly fearless and wonderfully effective.

At the close of his service as district attorney he became, in 1900, county judge of his home county. When he was nomi-

nated for Congress at Houston in 1903 the people of Hempstead, the place of his residence, prepared a joyful reception. As he stepped from the train that had borne him home the shouts of multitudes, the peals of music, the clangor of bells united in a tumultuous but happy welcome. First to greet him was his sister, Miss Sue Pinckney, whom he loved and worshiped with a constancy as rare as it was beautiful. Between them had existed a devotion for which the language of poets, the canvas of artists, the marble of sculptors have no adequate expression. For more than half a century they had walked hand in hand through shadow and through light. Hardly a day had ever passed that they did not communicate in some way. As he embraced her on this supreme occasion the clamor immediately ceased and the great throngs in reverent silence observed this expression of as pure a love, a loyalty as sublime, as ever flowered in the human heart. Of his sister he once said:

I owe more to her than can ever be expressed, and the ambition of my life is so to live that I will be worthy of her affection.

It was when he assumed his seat in Congress that I made his acquaintance. We were drawn together by the fact that we were, respectively, the youngest and oldest Members of the Texas delegation. From acquaintance to friendship, from friendship to affection, were but short and eager steps. Our association here was most intimate. I had thorough opportunity to observe him in every phase and mood of life, and admiration rivaled love. He gave the closest and most conscientious attention to the proceedings of the House. He would remain in his seat through the tedious deliberations on long appropriation bills, evincing the liveliest interest in every motion and in every debate. When death retired him he was rapidly taking a high place among the most conserva-

tive and useful Members of this body. Of the civil war he frequently spoke. Of his record as a Confederate soldier he was justly proud. He accepted, however, the logic of Appomattox. He gloried in a reunited country and a common flag. He believed with Jefferson Davis that on the arch of the Union should be written, "*Esto perpetua*"—be thou perpetual.

The significance of his life lies in the fact that he was a typical Confederate soldier. Earth has no higher title. As I heard from his laconic lips the story of that giant strife I saw the hosts in battle line. I saw the thinning rank through four tempestuous years yield slowly to superior force. I heard the thunderous prelude of Manassas. I saw the fires of Carthage, Lexington, Columbus, and Ball's Bluff. I saw the surge of Shiloh's thousands, the clash of the legions at Murfreesboro. I saw the crimson skies of Malvern Hill, of Antietam, and of Fredericksburg. I saw the carnage of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. I heard the crash of Jackson's columns against the opposing myriads at Chancellorsville. I saw the charge at Gettysburg. I saw the gleam of a million bayonets encircle the tattered groups of gray. In the gloom of the Wilderness I saw them approach the superb martyrdom since Calvary's agonies made all defeat and sorrow holy. And when the tumult of the conflict fell there rose above the ashes of Southern hopes and homes a cross that bore the figure of a Confederate soldier. Beyond the waste of nineteen hundred years I saw that other cross on which a God had died; and I knew that through my tears I saw the two sublimest sacrifices of God for man, and man for his conception of the truth.

Sleep, warrior, sleep. Your unimprisoned soul now mingles with the armies in the tents of light, where blue and gray together welcome every comrade to the rank immortal, armies

summoned to the peace of endless morning by reveilles from the lips of God—enemies no more, but brothers there and their united children brothers here, forever and forever.

FURTHER ACTION OF THE HOUSE.

And then, in pursuance of the resolution heretofore adopted, the House (at 12 o'clock and 47 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

WEDNESDAY, *December 6, 1905.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. CULBERSON. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions referred to by the Senator from Texas. They will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 5, 1905.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate, and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CULBERSON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their present consideration.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Texas submits for present consideration resolutions which will be read.

The resolutions were read, and considered by unanimous consent, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Texas.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 7 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, December 7, 1905, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *April 30, 1906.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. JOHN M. PINCKNEY, late a Representative from the State of Texas.



